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PHILADELPHIA, PA.—LEONARD BUILDING, 113
South 5th St. WASHINGTON—610 14th St.
LONDON OFFICE—31 Old Bailey, Strand,
LONDON SQUARE.

PLAIN FACTS.
The streets of New York are unclean,
notwithstanding Mayor GRANT'S remarks
to the contrary. It does not make any
difference if the streets in every city
in the Union are worse than ours.
That only proves that the other cities are in
a very bad way. New York pays annually
hundreds of thousands of dollars for street-
cleaning purposes, and expects at least a
fair return. This it is not getting.

Commissioner BEATTIE says that he does
not get money enough to clean the streets
thoroughly. This may be all so under
the present system. But if what
money he does get was properly
expended, and his bureau was conducted
on sound business principles, the streets
would be in much better condition than
they are. The clouds of dust and dis-
tinguished refuse which are blown into the
eyes and inhaled into the lungs of our un-
fortunate citizens are a pain and outrage
that should not be tolerated.

Mayor GRANT is able to get away from
this nuisance and at present is inhaling
salty breezes at Atlantic City. Per-
haps he thinks he has done his duty
by leaving with us the report that New
York streets are cleaner than those of any
other American city. There are many who
may not agree with him.

MADAME BLAVATSKY'S DEATH.
The Arch-Priestess of Theosophy has suc-
cumbed to death. Madame BLAVATSKY
died three weeks ago, and her large body
has been reduced to ashes at her own re-
quest.

Whatever opinion may be entertained of
the moral worth of her character, this Rus-
sian woman must be credited with having
one of those strong personalities which
cannot pass through the world without
making a deep impression upon it.

Mainly through her energy and force was
the Theosophical Society called into being.
It has spread widely. Her followers were
completely dominated by this obese woman
with the dainty hands who was little in-
clined to move her three hundred pounds
of flesh. She preferred to sit and smoke
cigarettes while her active mind evolved the
subtleties of psychology and devised new
machinations.

She may have been an adventurer. She
may have been a pioneer in elevated re-
gions of high thought. Such as she was,
she is dead and a handful of dust. It re-
mains to see how Theosophy will thrive
without the Doric column which upheld it.

HARD TO GET RID OF.
This country is not a hospital for invalid
foreigners. But it isn't so easy to get rid
of them, it would appear, when they are
once unloaded on us. Two Italians who
came here some weeks ago, one a con-
sumptive, the other affected with valvular
disease of the heart, were allowed a cer-
tain time to recuperate from the voyage. Ye-
sterday they were put on board the Epi-
tania, of the Fabre line, to be returned to
their native Italy.

At the end of the day three representatives
of the line brought word to the Barge Office
that the two men had been turned out upon
the wharf just before the boat sailed, the
ship's surgeon having declared they were
too sick to be taken back to Italy!

It is too much for us to be forced to
coddle diseased aliens. They must be re-
turned, and it will be hard if some means
cannot be found to do this. They were
brought here before the law went into effect
which obliges the ship bringing unit im-
migrants to take them back again. That law
will prevent a repetition of this nuisance.

America is not helpful to Chinese ethics.
The manager of the Celestial actors on the
Bowery has seized their costumes, after
doing them out of money very successfully.
The actors are as doves in the talons of
a hawk with this Americanized countryman
of theirs. Too bad! The histrionic stars
may now become laundresses.

They have a law in Boston that if a man
sues money for gambling and does not
make demand for it within three months
anybody may seek to recover three times
the amount so lost from the winner. A
case is on now based on this law. This is
a Boston idea born of New England diet.

and sulky in its demeanor. It is feared that
unless the time of duty is shortened the
whole force will go out. The Hackensack
police force is up to two men, and, although
half this number might police the place,
the inhabitants fear to have absolutely no
guardians of the peace.

People who saw a young woman "freak"
in a dime museum here swallow tacks won-
dered how she could do it and not have
them hurt her. She couldn't. The freak
is now at the point of death from tacks in
the stomach. Moral: Do not take your
iron in the shape of tacks.

A woman has just died in whose gullet
was found her set of false teeth, swallowed
two years before. She had always insisted
that she felt 'em there, but this was re-
garded as an hallucination. Women with
teeth in their stomach should be entitled to
a hearing after this.

Mr. MILLER, the Conservative member of
the Dominion Parliament, has prepared a
resolution declaring that the New England
States should be invited to join the mari-
time provinces, and become part of the
Dominion. Thank you kindly, Mr. MILLER.

The Italian Government intends to sub-
mit the New Orleans affair to European
Powers, its purpose being to compel the
United States to find means to guarantee
protection to foreign subjects. Italy ap-
pears to be short of statesmen just now.

The fairer who stuck tulip blossoms into
perforated Mexican beans and sold the
"fake" flowers as Chinese lilies has been
arrested for his botanical cunning. We
are fond of flowers, but want root and
blossom to be of a piece.

The queer thing about the Spring Garden
Bank failure in Philadelphia is that three
days before the suspension it paid a di-
vidend.

MORGAN G. BULKLEY says that he is the
only true and lawful Governor of Connecti-
cut. But that does not settle it by any
means.

All that is needed to complete the Wash-
ington Arch is \$14,000. So small an amount
should not delay such a patriotic object.

It looks as if golden rod would again
come out ahead as the State flower.

The grip got its clutches on the House of
Parliament yesterday. Who next?

Our navy is in sore straits for want of
able seamen. Why?

SPOTLIGHTS.

Cowboy talk is plain spoken language.

A widow in a veil does not mean that she is in
a state of tears.

The blunder the speech the sharper the remark.

Naturally the more beer he gets round the
rounder the German gets. That's the kind of a
rounder he is.

"What's the matter?" asked his friends.

"Nothing," he replied.

"You're in a bad way," his friends whispered.

"Love is such a thing," the cynic cried.—Judge.

Mr. Mandell says he thinks that, drunk or not,
a goat's goat for a cat.

In weather like this a young fellow ought really to
appreciate his girl if she "gives him the mitten."

It is a very hard thing to get a run on messenger
boys.

Goodword says he struck a counter the other day
that no horse could surpass. He was speaking of
his pastor.

There will be no more pedestrian passage tolled
in the bridge history.

WORLDLINGS.

One of the choicest relics in the fine collection of
George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, is a little green
harp that once belonged to Yum Yum and which
the poet carried into hundreds of Irish homes.

According to Richard M. Johnston, the author
of a magazine article.

Mrs. Kate Smith, who has become known to fame
as the "Queen of the Cosmos," is a Philadelphia
woman. She is tall, dark-haired, with round eyes,
a pure olive complexion, a roused mouth and an
intelligent face. She has a well-rounded and grace-
ful figure, and in the department has shown con-
siderable executive ability.

In twenty years there has been no confounding
of Uncle Sam's postage stamps, possibly for the
reason that there is nothing in it for the counter-
feiter.

It keeps three large Chicago factories busy
to manufacture the locomotive headlights and railroad
lamps that are used in the country. The factories
give employment to 1,100 men and boys.

GRAND OPERA IN ENGLISH.

The Grand Opera-House English Grand
Opera Company, which begins its season Mon-
day, May 12th, with "Il Trovatore," will num-
ber 150 people, soloists, chorus and orchestra.

Some new singers have been added to Mr.
Morris's company since the first announce-
ment, and the artists now on the list include
Mrs. Louise Natalie, Miss Maudie Landis,
Miss Rozelle Biale, Miss Bella Tomlin,
Miss Lela Lynde, Mr. A. Montgomerie, Mr. F.
Michelelli, Mr. C. C. Ferguson, Mr. C. Tag-
liapietra, Mr. Stuart Harrod, Mr. W. Walters,
Mr. W. H. Clarke and Mr. E. B. Bonemann.

The company is in every respect a double one.
"Martha" will be given the second week;
"The Bohemian Girl," the third; "Faust,"
the fourth; "Carmen," the fifth, and "Lucia
di Lammermoor," the sixth week. The popu-
lar prices of seats at this house should attract
a large number of musical colleges and vocal
schools.

Disinterested Advice.

Wiley—My wife has insisted to-day that I needed
a new hat, but I didn't get it.

Wiley—Why not?

Wiley—That's a game two can play at.

A Wise Forecast.

Mr. Norris (with decision)—I'm going to put
on my light underwear this morning.

Mr. Norris (with fine presence)—Then,
Thomas, you'd better carry your thick ones
over your arm; you'll need them before night.

Incomprehensible.

McTearle—I can't understand why railroad
companies make it a point to hire densely im-
becil men for telegraphers.

McTearle—Do they?

"I try to get the facts about a railroad ac-
cident and you'll see."

Too Much Train.

Miss de Belle (entering parlor with long
satin train)—How do you like me now, Gus?

Gus de Belle—Well, to tell you the truth, I
could not live you any longer.

CHILDREN subject to diphtheria and diphtheria and
by MORRIS'S FERTILIZER CO. Price 30c.

SKETCHES BY
M. QUAD.

After a Straw.
He was a brisk, quick-spoken, little old
man, with a patch on the left knee of his
trousers, and one of the officials in the wait-
ing-room of the Pennsylvania depot had
just got through calling the Philadel-
phia train when the old man began to pass
around the room and hand out slips of
paper and explain:

"Rather early, I admit, but this is for a
special purpose. Prepare your ballots for
your nominee for the next President."
"Look here!" replied the first man he
handed a slip to, "what are you doing?
Is this to get what they call a 'straw' on
the next election?"

"Exactly! Exactly!" replied the little
old man. "It is a little ahead of huckle-
berry time, but as I told you before, it is
for a special purpose. Prepare your ballot.
Put down the name of any candidate you
want to."

"I won't do nuthin' of the kind!"
bluntly exclaimed the other.

"You won't! Ain't you willing to oblige
me?"

"No, sir—not in this way. Why, nobody
knows who's going to run yet! I won't
have nuthin' to do with it—not a thing!"

"There, I'll never help your team out of
a mud-hole if it has to stay there a hull
week! You hadn't got no obligeance to
me!"

"But it's all infernal nonsense I say!"
"Is it! Let me explain. I take a vote
here. I get an expression of popular opin-
ion. I see which way the wind blows. I
go home and go over to Steve Smith's and
talk around a little and finally ask him
who's agoin' to be the next President.

Steve'll spit right out, and I'll jest go him a
two-year-old colt agin his yoke of oxen.
Sure thing for me, don't you see? May
not be exactly equal, but Steve traded me
a cow with the boller horn last year and I
want to git even with him."

Nobody would vote, however, while some
openly advised the old man to pollute his
head; and after going the rounds he put on
his hat, sat down with a great bang, and as
he pulled a ruffled cane and a boiled egg out
of his satchel, he said:

"I kin see through it as plain as day.
The hull caboodle of 'em are afraid I want
to run myself!"

Putting Him On.

A young Nimrod of New York who went
over to the Jersey marshes to shoot snipe,
encountered a boy in a skiff fishing for
crabs, and he asked of him:

"Boy, is there shooting around here?"

"Yass."

"Seen any snipe?"

"Yass."

"Will you put me on?"

"Yass. If you go to shoot over this way
you'll hit 'em, who's after 'em, and dad
is mean when anybody fires birdshot into
him. If you shoot over that way you'll
pepper my brother Bill, who's got a line out
after a dogfish. Bill aims rakes a rumpus
when he gets shot. Over that way is where
ma is hunting for a lost calf, and if you
pepper her dad will want \$500 damages."

"But I can fire in all other directions,
can I?"

"Yass, but aim purty high, as the rest of
'em."

the seven children are scattered about after
roots or fish-bait, and we have to drive six
miles to reach a graveyard."

Laying for Johnson.
About 9 o'clock yesterday morning a
stranger paid his penny at the New York
end of the bridge and walked rapidly up
the incline without looking to the right nor
left until he reached the steps. Then he
took a two-foot rule out of his pocket and
began to measure the width of the structure,
but he had only tallied six feet when a
policeman approached and demanded to
know what he was about.

"(Gittin' the width," was the reply.
"Well, you stop! You'll soon have a
crowd here."

"But can't I get the width?"

"No! What do you want of it?"

"I want to lay for a man in my town
named Johnson. He's always on the bet.
A week ago he offered to bet me two to one
that this bridge was 600 feet wide, and I had
to back down afore a store full of men. I
want to get it exact now I'm here, and in
less'n a week I'll scoop Ben Johnson out of
an acre of saw-logs he has in my boom or
make him shut up fer all Summer."

The Right Spirit.

I was riding on the front platform of a
fourteenth street car when the driver
pulled up sharp to avoid a collision with an
old man pushing a rag cart with his jingling
bells.

"Very careless in him," I remarked.

"Yes."

"He owes you one for saving that cart."

"Yes, but I would feel bad to damage a
poor devil like him. I never see one of
them prowling around that I don't remem-
ber that Shakespeare and George Washing-
ton were once in the very same line of
trade, and it might be their very self-same
cart I'd be smashing to splinters!"

M. QUAD.

A PURITAN PAGAN.

*A Story of Modern Men and Women, with
action laid in New York and Paris. This is
the latest product of the pen of Julien
Gordon (Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger),
author of "A Diplomat's Diary," "A Suc-
cessful Man," "Mile, Rascals," "Vam-
pires," &c. Opening Chapters in Next SUN-
DAY'S WORLD. Don't fail to begin with
the beginning.*

Diplomacy.

(From Brooklyn Life.)

Trump—Is the boss in?

Lady (appearing)—What do you want of the
boss?

Trump (grasping the situation)—I wish to ask
her for some cold victuals. (He got them.)

Bound Together.

(From Brooklyn Life.)

Primus—You and Jackson are always to-
gether. Some strong bond of union between
you, eh?

Secundus—Yes. He is too obese to take a
hint and I am too gentlemanly to insult him.

Eating Spills the Appetite.

(From Brooklyn Life.)

"How do you like your new boarding-
house?"

"Well, there is never anything put on it
that would take away your appetite."

A Proverb Disproved.

"They say that time is money; but I don't
believe it."

"Why not?"

"Because rich men never seem to have a
moment to spare."

THE CLEANER.

Amid the rearing of ornate hotel buildings
in New York, the solid brick addition of a
ten-story corner building to the Hotel
Vendome quite escapes attention. The ad-
dition is signed by the original artist, The
Astor Hotel on Fifty-ninth street and Brod-
way is getting bravely on, but it is impossible
to tell how it will look when it is fifteen stories
high.

I think that with all its grace the Manhat-
tan Hotel is a masterpiece. At least that was
my impression on a recent visit to the
Club-House. But the arrangements of
the Club are perfect. The billiard tables and
bowling alleys are well placed.

Neil Burgess and Molasses, the intelli-
gent equine, must be taking a little needed
rest at last. Last week Neil Burgess, standing on
Broadway with an air of great leisure, Mo-
lasses was not in sight.

I saw a big burly man in blouse and overalls
in a beer saloon lately with a small slip of
yellow paper in his hand, which he eyed mas-
sively and occasionally treated with mas-
sive remarks. He told me that he was
three minutes away from work to secure a
glass of beer and that the foreman had "given
him his time." This is technical for bouncing
him. This is pretty rigid discipline.

There is a great deal of sportive human
nature among the boys on the floor of the
Stock Exchange, but no one would suspect a
blooming broker of having the habit of buying
70 cents' worth of carnations of a florist to take
down town and distribute among the other
brokers in the morning. I was in a florist's
yesterday and he told me that a well-known
young broker had the same weakness.

Mr. Richard Mansfield made formal denial
last night of the report that he was engaged to
be married to his leading lady, Miss Beatrice
Cameron. There is no doubt a very
warm regard entertained by them for each
other and they may occasionally repeat it.
I see that Miss Cameron has secured a divorce
from her former husband, George R. Photos.

Mr. Hooker Hamersley's delight over the
advent of a little girl in the family circle to
take the place of the two-year-old girl who died
recently, would possibly have been even greater
if the child had been a boy. For a young man of
Hooker Hamersley's piety and good works it
must be a tax on his faith to see that when
millions are waiting to be diverted into his
own family should Mrs. Hamersley bear him a
male heir his children are still girls.

There are an immense number of Swedes
employed as servants in this city. They have
the reputation of being clean and neat, but
sometimes they have a temper of their own.

It is very hard for a student Donat Platt
to lose his hair. He loves politics as a small boy
loves, and when the Colonel conducted a dozen
years ago in Washington, was simply a porcupine
with a brilliant on each "quill." Yet Col.
Platt is a very old man, and the water he uses
to meet, and is a host of pictures and domestic
quill. His pen is still sharpened down to a
pretty fine point, and a little virtuous trickle
from its point at times.

An Investigation in Order.

(From Brooklyn Life.)

Customer—You made a mistake in my pre-
scription the other day. It called for two
grains of opium and I got a small package
containing magnesia.

Druggist—Are you sure about it?

Customer—Yes, here is a duplicate pre-
scription from the physician. Now the ques-
tion is, who got the opium?

Druggist—Dear me, that's so; (to the pre-
scription clerk) James, who's dead in the
neighborhood?

Pure Blood

An eminent authority estimates that there are
2,400 disorders incident to the human frame.
Of these by far the large majority have their
origin in impure blood, and their victims form
the greater part of the human family. In fact,
probably not more than one out of ten persons
has perfectly pure blood and enjoys

Perfect Health

If we are so fortunate as to escape hereditary
impurities in the blood, we may contract disease
from the virus which are in the air we breathe,
the food we eat, or the water we drink. From
these facts will be understood the necessity of
medicine to purify the blood, and also the great
popularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has
been so successful with all diseases of this class
as to establish itself

Standard Blood Purifier

Its record of cures of Eczema is unequalled, and
thousands of people formerly afflicted with this
disease speak of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has
done for them with the deepest gratitude. Salt
Rheum, Blood Poisoning, Boils, and all other
so-called "Humors," and evidences of impure
blood, are cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

when they can possibly be reached by medicine.
These troubles, like Eczema, Catarrh, Rheu-
matism, Malaria, &c., caused by or arising from
thin, depleted or insufficient blood, or from dis-
eases gums or acids in the vital fluid, are cured
by this successful medicine. We make no claim
for Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cannot fully
substantiate, and will send statements of cures
and full particulars to all who desire. As a

Biliousness—Liver Troubles.

The following is from a well-known Brooklyn
lady, the wife of Mr. L. M. Ohly, of the firm of
Ohly, Schmidt & Marsh, commission merchants
at 88 Warren street, New York City.

"For several years I suffered greatly from
general debility, biliousness and sick headaches
with high fever.

The doctors said I had

Malaria.

and that my liver was out of order. They pre-
scribed for me, but I received little or no benefit.
Finally a change of air was recommended. I
went to Minnesota, and after a stay of over a
month really felt much improved, but soon after
my return home I felt nearly as bad as ever.
I could not walk three blocks without feeling
perfectly exhausted, and all my old symptoms were
returning.

I Was Discouraged.

It was just then that a lady recommended to me
Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had taken Hood's Sar-
saparilla less than a week when my appetite be-
gan improving, my sick headaches were less violent,
I began to feel stronger and encouraged. I de-
cided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now feeling
strong and cheerful. I feel satisfied it will benefit
any who say who it is a fair trial." WILLIAM H.
DEANER, 361 Spring St., New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

I was strong enough to walk for two hours with
my husband and child in Prospect Park without
feeling fatigued, and soon after I felt better than
I ever did. We now take Hood's Sarsaparilla
every spring—my husband, child and I, and
sometimes in the fall, and we have no more
thoughts of ill-health." MRS. MARY E. ORLEY,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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